


Memorandum
**To the Honourable Colonel Roger
Newell of Read in Com. Lanc.**

 Here Papers falling into my
Hands ; upon Perusal of them,
I conceived they were (with
the Licence of Authority)
worthy of Publication : And
being the Author of them ; not
having to do otherwise as your Self so
recommend them to ; I make bold to set
your Name in hopes you will be pleased to
pardon my boldness, and accept thereof as
a grateful acknowledgement of your many
kindnesses to me. Sir, With my Prayers
for the continuance of the good Health and
all Yours, I

Servant,

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The Worlds Anotomy

Thomas O R,

Reasons Dislwading from the love of
this World. Book 2

YE more then Nimrods, whose ambition flies
Beyond the pitch of mortal Monarchies,
Whom earthly Kingdoms cannot satisfie,
Without attempting Joves great Emperie,
Whose onely aym, is onely to be great, (seat;
When great ones Kings, when Kings in Gods own
Wh; count it sport to climbe to Golden Thrones,
By staires of batter'd skulls and scatter'd bones.
We wanton Dames, that in laciuous layes,
In stead of Prayer, sing wanton Flora's praise;
And for your Bibles, gaze in looking-glasses,
Your curl'd perfumed locks, and painted faces;
We Chamber Champions, and soft carpet knights,
That with variety of vain delights,
With sporting, courting, dancing, feasting, play,
And wanton Daltance spend both night and day:
We Babel builders, whose cloude rising Towers,
Do proudly seem to dare heavens chistal bowers:
We that on Neptunes surging billows hurlo,
Seek Golden Prizes in another world:
We, ye, that lul'd a sleep with Mida's Treasures,
And overwhelm'd in streams of wooldy pleasures,
Doat on this world, as on your chiefest bliss,
Loe, hear how vain, how vile a thing it is:

The Worlds Anatomy
The Worlds Anatomy.

What though it boast of Pleasures, pomp, & glory,
Wealth, Beauty, Fame, tush, all's but transitory,
No worldly happiness, doth long remain,
But being got, is quickly lost again.
What is the best that this world gives to man?
But like a Cloud, a Shade, a dying Swan,
A Jonas Bird, a Post, a Dream, a Shower,
A Tale, a Blast, a Race, a Summers Flower?
The Cloud doth vanish, and the Shadow flies,
The Swan sings this hour, and the next hour dies;
The Gourd soon withers, and the Post doth hast,
The Dreams forgotten, and the Shower is past,
The Tale is ended, ere it's well begun,
The Blast is over, and the Race is run,
The freshest Flower quickly doth decay,
And thus the worlds best things, soon pass away.
If Heavens warld, and all the Spheres above?
With rowling course, in time shall cease to move:
If Sun, and Moon, and Stars, shall lose their light;
If gladsome day, shall turn to a comp night;
If Rocks from Top to Toe, shall rent for fear,
And craggy Mountains, all in under tear;
If Man and Beast, shall into dust return,
If all the world, with flaming fire shall burn;
If time it self, in time, shall cease to be,
What worldly thing, can have Eternity?
That, never too much prized, Solomon,
For macehles Wisdom, and for Wealth alone,
Surpassing all that wore the Diadem,
And swaid the Scepter in Jerusalem;
Yea, as when Phoebus Beams appear in sight,
They quite obscure faire Cynthias borrowed light:
Those sparkling Lamps of Earth bright Canopp,
Do hide themselves in black Obscuriti,

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As all aſham'd, but once, to ſhew their face,
 Where ſuch a glorious beauty comes in place;
 So where he did appear to mortal Eye,
 All earthly glory, ſeem'd but beggerly:
 Silver he had, in ſuch abundant ſtore,
 That it was valued, in his time, no more
 Then ſtones, Gold was as common as the ſand
 That guilts and paves the ſwiſt Euphracean Strand,
 Two hundred Targets, famous to behold.
 Three hundred Shields he had of beaten Gold:
 With beaten Gold o're-layd, an Ivory Throne,
 The like ne're ſeen in any Nation;
 And forty thouſand Horses in his Stable,
 Twelve thouſand Charrets, horſemen anſwerable,
 Seven hundred Wittes, three hundred Concubines,
 And Gardens, Orchards, Vineyards, ſtore of wines,
 Of Trees, of Herbs, of Fruits variety,
 Of Muſicks Conſorts, ſweeteſt harmony:
 His veſſels were of Gold, moſt admirable,
 His Plate and Jewels were innumerable,
 Six hundred Talents for his Annual ſumme
 And ſixty ſix, did to him yearly come,
 Beſides that which th' Arabian Kings did bring,
 And others mo, to this renowned King,
 A thouſand thirty ſeven and hundreds nine
 Quarters of pureſt Meal, and flower fine,
 With thirty Oxen, and an hundred Sheep,
 Did but a day his Houſe with victual keep;
 Beſides Roe Bucks, and Harts, and Fallow Deer,
 With ſatted Fowle, ſuch was his dayly Chear:
 Yea, in a word, all that to comprehend,
 Wherein whole Volumes I full well might ſpend
 In Sacred Word, he plainly hath us told,
 That from his heart no joy he did with-hold:

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Yet when that he had full experience,
Of all this present worlds chief Quintessence,
From his experience, he doth teulde,
That all these Worldly things, are Vanity.
As in a Summers Morn when Phoebus bright,
All like a sumptuous Bridegroom, richly dight
With glittering Gold, doth from his chamber come,
Reioycing as a Gant his course to run:
When beaultous Flora from her flowry bed,
Fragrant perfumes through all the aire hath spred,
And pleasant Zephirus, with his gentle Gales,
Hath fanned coolenes through the shady Malles;
All creatures then reioyce, the lovely Swain
Whers his skipping flock along the plain,
And whilst his harmles Sheep securely feed,
Sits piping sweetly on an Oaten Reed,
The Peatheard calls his Drove each corner rings
Through every field with their lowd bellowing;
With rural Notes the Plowman tunes away,
The painful labour of the pleasant day:
May's harmles Quiristers through their shrill throats
Fill old Silvanus Bowers with sugred Notes;
Each vale, each banck, each hollow cave, each spring,
With sweet re-sounding Echo's sweetly ring,
But ere the Sunne his mid-day course hath run,
A thick congealed exhalation,
All on a suddain damps his gladsome light,
And through the Skies a face of sable Night,
Which gloomy darkness sits, all headlong rushes
A raging boisterous whirlewind, down it pusheth
The hardest Dakes, and with his furious blasts,
Whole clouds of dust, up to the Welkin casts,
Tosses the Pipples, tumbles up the Floods,
With fearful roaring, rageth through the woods;

Ellin Laisley

The Worlds Anatomy.

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All toppe turby turns, fierce fiery flashes
Dazel our eyes with their redoubling flashes,
That all appears on fire, lowd roaring Thunder,
Perls, colles, cumbles, tears the Clouds asunder,
Batters our buildings with his dreadful shocks,
Tosses the Mountains, shakes the craggy Rocks,
Makes th'earth to tremble, and the Ocean roare,
Swell, rage, and fume, for fear against his boare
The spongy Clouds, all violently throw
A hideous Tempest on the Earth below,
That well's the wight, that can a place espy,
Whether for shelter he may lonest fly,
Even thus, the Sun-shine of our greatest blis,
Into a forme of woe soon turned is.
How flourish Job? How did his glory shine?
With boundless limits through the Easterne Clime,
The sweet'st content on Earth, his loving wife
Adds wat content to his contentful life;
His children ten, his table round about,
Like Olive-branches late; a mighty rout
Of Oxen, Asses, Camells, Sheep had he,
Of Men and Maids, great was his family,
Through all the East, a greater was not found,
Not one that did in wealth, like Job abound:
But see, how soon, all his great happiness,
As dast and turn'd to woful wretchedness,
As if that fortune him decreed to make,
A perfect Patterne of her fickle state:
His Children suddenly were slain each one,
His Oxen, Asses, Camells, Sheep all gone,
His cattered body all is over-spread,
With sore and loathsome biles from toe to head,
And on a filchy stinking dunghil throwen,
Where he laments his case with pitious moan;

His

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His kinsefolk, Friends, acquaintance him abhor'd,
Of whom he was-but yesterday ador'd;
His servants now will not vouchsafe to know him,
That th'other day with cap and knee came to him;
And that which most of all might pearce his heart,
Of all his restless grief and painful smart,
His Wife that should his only comfort be
In his distress, bids him, Curse God, and die;
Distast's his breath, and strangely looks away,
Or looks upon him with a scornful eye,
Though for his Children sake he did intreat her,
And with kind speeches lovingly did greet her;
Ah wretched Man, earst bath'd in earthly bliss,
How is thy happy state transform'd? How is
Thy case forlorne? when neither friend nor brother,
Nor sister, kinsman, servant, one nor other,
Nor yet thy self, nor second self thy Wife,
Affords the least of comfort to thy life;
Now wretched life, so soon is all the glory,
Of this vaine world, turn'd to a Tragick story.

Beauty.

Alas what's Beauty? t'is not a fading flower
That's often bloom'd, and blasted in an hour?
How small a time of sickness spoils that fashion,
That once was held in wondrous admiration?
Decrepit Age, disfigures quite the feature,
Deforms the fashion of the loveliest Creature;
And when we once shall leave this worlds abroad,
Death makes us uglier, then the ugliest Load:
Where's now fair Hellen, Paris only joy,
Whose lovely Beauty caus'd the sack of Troy,
Batter'd her walls, her bulwarks overturn'd,
Threw down her towers, her sumptuous buildings burn'd
Further'd

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Further'd her worthies, fill'd her streets with blood,
That now it scarce appears where Troy Town stood.
Where's now that face, that like the spangled skies,
Dazled the sight of each beholders eyes?
Where are those eyes, those perfect circulars,
That once in Beauty parallel'd the Stars?
Where are those locks, once like Apollo's Kays,
When fair Aurora first his face displays?
Where are those breasts that once appear'd in show
Like bubbling fountains that with Nectar flow?
Where are those Cheeks, as fair, as sweet as roses,
Of milk white Lillies, mixt with Damask Roses?
Where are those ruddy Lips that seem'd to be
Much fairer then the blushing Strawberry?
Where are those Hands, those Hands as white as
Or fairest Swans that e'er sung in Poe? (know,
Those locks, those lips, those eyes, those cheeks, & face
Those breasts, those hands have lost their beautious
They'r all deform'd with canker filth & rust, (grace,
Wither'd, consum'd, all rotten, turn'd to dust:
Pea, where are all those beautious Damsels now,
On whom Dame nature matchless skill did show
The radiant splendor of whose sparkling eyes,
My Muse to blazen, dare not enterprize,
For fear of staining it, such curious skill
Befits a Pensil, not an Artless Quill:
Where are they all? to Dust all turned are,
Ten thousand times more foul, then they were fair.

Greatness.

A Po no less frail is Greatness, highest Rocks
Soonest are batter'd with the Thunder shocks,
Heavens angry brow, his dreadful vengeance pow'rs
With fatal stroke, on proud aspiring Towers,
While

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Whilst Beggers Coats, that lye in dust obscure,
From heavens fell rage, lye (though in dust) secure
The blustering winds, tall Cedars overshrow,
When humble Shrubbs securely sit below:
The Golden Calf, one day's ador'd as God,
Next dash't to pieces, all to potwads trod:
So mighty Monarchs are through fortunes frown
To base dishonour often hurled down.
How great was Hamon's honour, when in place,
Next to the King, himself ador'd he was?
Prefer'd before his Noble Princes all,
How'd, croucht to, honour'd, both of great & small.
One day, so Royal, was his Dignity,
Next day, he hang'd upon a Gallows Tree.
Alas, their numbers infinite almost,
That have on fortunes sickle wheel ben tost;
With thirst near dead, one to his foe gives up
His Army, Kingdom, Self, for one small Cup
Of heartless water: Another hurld about
Within an Iron Cage his Realme throughout;
One gets his living with a manual Trade,
From doo to doo another begs his bread:
One, ends his dayes within an Hermits Cell,
Another is a Sercon, tou'es the Bell:
One, for his Subjects, both in Schoole command
Unruly Boyes, his Scepter now's a wand:
Yea, seventy Kings, with Toes cut off & Thumbs,
Under an others Table fed on crums:
These, these, that once puissant Princes were,
And mighty Nations queld with awful fear,
Whose brows a Diademe did once adorne,
Where made the Object of contempt and scorn:
O grant, thy Greatness fail not here, thou must
At last, lye all thine honour in the dust.

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The Worlds Anatomy.

Great Alexander, like the swift wing'd Sun,
To all the world with Conquest over-run;
Yet all the world contenting not his mind,
New Travels undertakes, new worlds to find;
But finding none, all discontented weeps,
Washing the surging Seas, and silent deeps
Where lolls earth, he with imperious hand,
All other things as Vassals did command,
Seeming herein to parallel great Jove,
Sole King below, as he sole King above;
Yet then puffed up with more than mortal pride,
By all means labour'd to be Deified:
This matchless Monarch with a cup of wine
Was poison'd suddenly, even in the prime
Of all his happiness, and being dead,
His body naked, and unburied,
Lay many days ere he could get a Grave,
A labour which the poorest Beggers have;
Which having got, in seven foot space he lies,
Whom living, all the world could not suffice:
He that even now with one small frown could make
Millions of men with awful fear to quake,
Now breathless lies, and's made a stepping Stone,
By basest creatures, basely trampled on.
The greatest Prince whose boundless sovereignty,
Through all the world extends both far and nigh,
Puff'd to a narrow scantling once returns,
And he confin'd within an earthen Urne;
His noble Consorts, and Attendants all,
That once did wait in port Majestically
Upon his highness, all will then be gone,
And he himself left desolate alone
Within a stinking darksome grave, where he
With crawling worms shall soon be devoured be:

Alas,

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Alas, alas, what difference is there then,
Betwixt the greatest, and the meanest men ?
The difference then is none ; Death equals all,
Kings, Captains, Princes, Peasants, great & small
As in some Grove where old Silvanus Court,
Midst thousand shady bowers, and arbours sport,
Were brambles crawling lye upon the earth,
Boaring the breasts of her that gave them birth ;
There towering Trees aloft do proudly rise,
As scorning Earth, they aim'd to scale the Skies
Out-daring Boreas blasts, and winters cold,
Others are seen the middle ranke to hold,
As if the lowest room they held disgrace,
Not yet ambitious of the highest place,
Would with the merry mean, contented be
From beggers scozns, and great mens envy free ;
But when these Trees are once cut down & burn'd
And all confusely to ashes turn'd,
What difference is there then, and who can show,
Which were aloft, which middle, which below ?
So in this world some bear a Princely port,
Some beggers are, some of the middle sort ;
But in the Grave, what difference doth appear,
When all alike to Dust consumed are ?

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Which all the furious stormes of Tyrants rage,
Could never quench, nor ever yet aswage;
Tyrants may rob us of our loving wives,
Our lovely children, and our dearest lives,
Of all our substance: but not fire, nor chains,
Nor sword, nor famine, nor a thousand pains,
Nor men, nor death, nor Devils ever can,
Of this true Joy, dispoil the Christian man,
But spite of all, 'twill his companion be,
Whether he wake, or sleep, or live, or dye:
For as the Lawrel Tree is alwayes seen,
In winters coldest stormes, both fresh and green,
When other Trees all naked do abide,
Disroabed quite of all their Summers pride:
So, when vain worldlings in their misery,
Sink down with sorrow, faint, despair, and dye;
The godly then most truly ioyful are,
Their sorrow with their Joy cannot compare;
Which made the ancient Martyrs smile and sing
In mid'st of flames; A true, though wondrous thing:
No other Joy endures, but soon is past,
And in Harpe sorrow alwayes ends at last.

Riches.

What if thou shouldst with wealth so much abound
If thou hadst boundles scopes of endles ground?
Thousands of Barners with each kind of grain,
All fully cram'd and stufte: A mighty Train
Of hopeful Herds, and many a spacious Fould
Of sleek flocks, huge heaps of masse Gould?
What if thou had'st of every thing such store,
That 'twere impossible to wish for more;
All this might waste, and soon to nothing come,
As Snow-balls are dissolued with the Sun?

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Even he that of the greatest wealth may boast,
Hath nothing got, but what another lost;
And though the same he ne're so highly prize,
His fall e're long, must make another rise.
The mighty Darius, that once to redeem
His Mother, Children, and his captive Queen,
Offer'd to Alexander so much Gould,
As all his Land of Macedon could hould,
Was after forc't, his fortunes were so low,
To beg a draught of water of his Foe.
Or yeeld perchance, our Riches do not leabe us
Whilst we live here, yet death will quite bereave us
And strip us of them all; what we obtain
In life, in death we're sure to lose again.
Great Saladine, before whose Conquering hand,
No force of force was able long to stand; (guish,
Surpris'd at last with sickness, through whose an
When all his vital powers, he felt so languish,
That he perceiv'd well his Glass was run,
His time expir'd, his fatal hour was come;
He call'd his Chieftain, and in open street,
Had him display, A silly winding Sheet
In stead of Ensignes; Then aloud to cry,
Now great Victorious Saladine must dye.
Of all his Conquests, nothing he hath left,
Save this poor Sheet, of all els he's bereft:
For as the Spider to insnare the Fly,
From her own bowels, weaveth curiously
A slender webb with restless toyl and pain,
Whereof e're long, she is bereft again.
The hushwife neatly dressing up the Room,
Sweeps in an instant all her labours down:
Or as the silly Ass, though all day long
Loaden with Gould, yet when the night doth come,

Is strip of all, and with his galled hide,
 Into a sinking stable, turn'd aside.
 Even thus, both night and day poor silly Elves,
 We restless labour, we turmoil our selves
 For worldly wealth; but when our vital breath
 Once leaves our bodies, then relentless death
 Sweeps all away, strips us of all we have,
 And turn's us naked into a sinking Grave;
 For since into this world we nothing brought,
 As reason is, we hence must carry nought.

Warn. Friends. Quell

Nothing in all the world can I commend,
 For matchless worth, like to a faithful Friend
 Thou unto him, as freely may impart,
 As to thy self, the secrets of thy heart:
 When all forsake thee, he will faithful be,
 As well in want, as in prosperity;
 Come weale, come woe, he with true sympathy,
 Will sigh, or sing, or live, or dye with thee:
 But such Friends are (alas) almost as rare,
 As coale black Swans, or Fishes in the Ayre,
 Search all the world, and thou shalt hardly find,
 A man that bears, a true, and constant mind:
 'Tis strange to see how some can kindly greet,
 With Apish Complements, each one they meet;
 They'l conge, kisse, colloque, sooth, fawne, & smile,
 Where with poor silly Gulls, they oft beguile;
 And with a thousand such like sugred charmes,
 Most courteously embrace them in their armes:
 (But one poor handfull I had rather see,
 Of faithful Love, then of this courtesie
 Ten thousand armesfull;) then they'l vow & swear,
 Dearly protest, thou art to them more dear

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A Cuckoo or a Dove

To
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The Worlds Anatomy.

Then all the world; yea, and to do thee good,
 They will not stick to spend their dearest blood,
 Themselves, their whole estate, both house & land,
 Body and goods, are all at thy command :
 When yet, for all this flourish, their intent
 Is no such matter, onely Complement.
 Others there are, that sooth with friendly words,
 Yet wound more deadly then a thousand swords,
 They'l shew all tokens of a faithful Friend,
 When they most hellish villany intend ;
 They'l, like a flattering Syren, sing and smile,
 Or mourn, and weep, much like a Crocodile ;
 Sooth, like false hearted Joab, and they will
 Kill like damn'd Judas, when they mean to kill.
 How many Noble Kings have been betraid ?
 Bloodily butcher'd, and a Prey been made
 By those false hearted falwing Parasites,
 Whom they have made their chiefest Favorites ;
 Safer it were, ten thousand times to be,
 Assaulted with an open Enemy ;
 Yea, safer far to meet with Lyons, Bears,
 Wolves, Tygers, Leopards, Panthers, Beares who
 Then with this Hypocrite, from th m I may, (coars
 Defend, or hide my self, or run away :
 But when my Gynoe, and my Companion dear,
 My Bosome Friend, that doth both see and hear
 My secret Council, whom I love and trust,
 And think to be as faithful, true and just
 As mine own soul ; I say, when such a one
 Suspectless ayms at my Destruction,
 How can I scape ? Alas, what remedy
 Can be devis'd against such Treachery ?
 Oh that such false Dissemblers, were as rare,
 As faithful Friends, and men true hearted are :

But

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But since they're not, I wish they may amend;
Or like their brother Judas, make their end.
Others make shew of love and duty, where
They doe not truly love, but onely fear:
Thus comes the Tenant, to his racking Lord
With Cap and Kne, and many a humble word,
God bless your Worship, Sir, God send you health,
God prosper long your dayes, maintain your wealth;
When he could rather wish him hang'd, so he,
From his oppression, might but then be free.
The world besides, is full of Pocket friends,
Whose friendship onely to their Profit tends,
Great Pens, Purse-leeches, bairn of Princes Courts,
To such, this ravenous Culture-brood resorts:
But if they chance to fall of wanted prey,
Soon take them to their wings, and fly away:
When once they see they can exp'd no more,
They are no longer, what they were before;
These, Leech-like, often suck up in the end,
The Estate of those, on whom they do depend:
So doth the worme, in time, consume the Tree,
Wherein it breeds, and so unnaturally,
A pers devours their Damnes; so, so, they say,
A lion, to his Dogs, became a prey:
And so brave Gentlemen prove beggers, when,
Their base, base Wives, do prove Gentlemen:
While fortune smiles, Friends every where abound,
But frown it once, scarce one is to be found;
So, then they'll all forsake us: So the Mouse,
Feeds in full Barnes, flees from the empty house:
Shadows in Sun-shine, with their bodies stay,
The Sun once Clouded, vanish quite away:
Swallows in Summer sing; but Summer gone,
Away these Summer-singing Birds are flowne:

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Journal
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Soft now a dayes are such like Summer friends,
Their Summer friendship, with the Summer ends.

Favour of Great Men.

How often, and how freely, blest Lord?
Dost thou vouchsafe, in thy most sacred Word,
To promise all, that will but come to thee,
Thy gracious favour so eternally,
That neither Death, nor Hell, nor all the rout
Of hellish foes, shall ever work them out.
And yet, (O strange) how much more many prize,
To be esteem'd gracious in the Eyes
Of mighty Men? How earnestly they labour?
Neglecting the heavens Lord, to get the favour
Of earthly Lords, whose favour is but vain,
Hard to be gotten, harder to retain:
A Peasant, by some mighty Man advanc't,
Wit to a Bayliwick, and countenanc't;
How highly rapt he seems? How doth he deem
Himself, some Great Man, in his own esteem?
How big he looks, as well speak to my Lord,
As to his Bayliffship; but move a word,
How he bestirres himself? How he torments
The poor Racht Tenants for their mercments?
Bons, Capons, Rents; herages, fumes & fares,
Swears, curses, threatens, bawls, brawls, rumps, &
Dribes, pounds their Cattel, & so dominers (stares,
Amongst the Tenants, with the sway he bears,
That what he says, or does, all currant is;
Who is he, that dare say ought's amiss?
None dare displease him; but well blest is he,
That can but in his love, and labour be:
His big Bum-Bayly, with a knabish trick,
Is catch't e're long, and from his Bayliwick

favour of

Thomas' Bro
The Worlds Anatomy.

At once Casheer'd, and not alone displac'd,
But with his Lord and Master, quite disgrac'd;
The Tenants with the Jews, all ravished,
Shout, clap their hands, and sing, The Devil's dead;
Of all he's gaz'd at, like a very Owl,
Kickt at by those, whom once, he did controul;
So that with sorrow, the discontented Elf,
He's ready every hour to hang himselfe.
An other, having spent the very prime,
Best of his dayes, and flower of all his time
In some Mans Service, hopes to be rewarded
With some good fortune; but then unrewarded
For some small cause, he knows not well wherefore,
His Cloake pull'd off, and he's turn'd out at doore.
Just as the Carrier deals with some old Jade,
That beaten out, at last, begins to fade,
And fail of strength, strips off his tattered hide,
And his old rotten carcase throwes aside.
Some great ones are (I know it well) so tickle,
Their love and favour, alwayes is so fickle,
That if thou wilt not wait their worships leasure,
And duely dance attendance at their pleasure,
Say as they say, and eber to their will,
But he're so base, thou lide not subject still,
Some toy they'l take, for which they'l hate thee more
Then e're they lov'd thee in their lives before:
And some for promises may match the Devil,
When once, he would have tempted Christ to evil:
But (ah) their promises resemble well,
The floods and fruits of Tantalus in Hell,
That meet his mouth, and seeming touch do slip,
Retoyling back from his extended Lip:
Or Sodom's Apples, beautiful and fair,
That Touched, vanish into stinking Ayre:

Thou hand and Sun

ewyng 1 20 20
The Worlds Anatomy. 400

Or if, perhaps, it be thy chance to find
Favour with one, that bears a noble mind,
Yet art thou not secure, there will not want,
Some Sly insinuating Sycophant,
That with his wiles, can nimbly fetch about,
Some cunning flight, perhaps to work thee out;
And therefore whilst y^e Sun shines, make your hay,
Birds build your nests the Spring lasts not for aye.

2000 Apparel. *2000 2000 2000*

2000
HAD our first Parents, not presum'd to taste
Forbidden fruits, in mid'st of Eden plac't,
They both had naked liv'd, and near the less,
Not been ashamed of their nakedness;
But having tasted it, they quickly spide
Their shameful nakedness, and it to hide,
They made them Coats, so that the clothes we wear.
Apparant marks of our rebellion are:
Therefore the Lute, as well may glory in
His bolts and shafts, tokens of his sin;
Or needy beggars, in their nasty raggs,
Which onely serve to hide their ulcerous scabbs,
As we in Clothes, which Adam first did frame,
Onely to hide, his more then beastly shame:
Besides all this, our fairest bodies are,
Wear stinking channels, from they ne're so faire;
Do but consider all those Excrements,
That have their passage, through the bodies vents,
From Ears, Mouth, Nostrills, Fundament & Cies.
From Fingers, Toes, and from our Privities,
And thou shalt see, that never dunghil was,
Halfe part so loathsome, stinking, vile and base;
And yet how we, with gaudy bravery,
Those rotten bodies strive to beautifie &

How

Paris

The Worlds Anotomy.

Now in Apparel, we delight, and glory,
Which rather bringing to our minds the story,
Of our first, woeful fall, Should ever be
Motives to teach us, true humilitey :
We wear not Garments for necessity,
Nor yet for handsome, comely decency ;
No, this were tollerable, we abound
With vain excess, unstock, nay, sell our ground
To Cloath our backs ; A thousand Apish fashions
We borrow every day from Forrain Nations :
Pay, lure, I think, our women had a fashion,
That ne're before was known to any Nation,
Such was their monstrous Pride, not long ago,
Halfe men, halfe women, they appear'd in show,
That had a stranger seen them, he would swear,
Our English Women, metamorphis'd were
Into Hermophrodites ; Oh, lay aside,
Cast off your monstrous, garish, whorish pride,
And call to mind the fearful punishment,
That once for Pride, was from Jehovah sent
On Sions Daughters ; think ye do behold
Those beauteous Damselfs cloath'd in cloth of gold,
With Rubies, Saphires, Carbuncles throughout,
And Diamonds, most richly set about,
And other Orient Pearls, whose shining light,
Expel'd the darknels of the gloomy Night,
And seem'd in brightness, with their fiery Gleams,
To match Apollo's brightest lightest beams,
With Odours so perfum'd, that every where,
Their sweet perfumes gave sweetness to the Aire,
Their borrowed heads, full nicely curl'd about
Their Crisped Locks, lasciviously lay'd out ;
And in their Crisped, Curled, Powdered Haire,
Rich Jewels dangling, and at either Ear

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The Worlds Anotomy.

A Spangled Cope, down from their heads behind,
Up to their shoulders, waving with the wind;
And with a thousand other tricks beside,
To garnish out their too excessive pride.
But think ye see, these haughty Dames again
In a woful wretched case, lye, dre, complain,
Their heads all bald, & blain'd, with stinking scabbs,
Their bodies bare, but for some tattered raggs;
A woful shame to speak, their privities
Laid open to the sight of all mens Eyes:
Thus God may justly punish your excess,
Your prides as great, how can your plague be less?
Besides, we borrow all from other creatures,
Wherewith we strive so to adorn our features:
From some, our silks; from others, sweet perfumes;
From sheep, our wool; from birds we borrow plumes
Pearls from the shell fish; & from earths base mould,
Our ashe-pale Silver, and our Orient Gould:
Therefore as some poor Maid, that wants aray,
To trim her self upon her Nuptial day,
Is forc't to try her friends; one she intreats
For stockings, shoes; and from another gets
A hat, or gowne; A payre of gloves one lends her,
A neat set Ruffe, and Cuffs another lends her;
Here one thing, there another she doth borrow,
Wherewith shee's neatly trim'd; but on the morrow
All fetch their own again; and then the Bride,
Poor Bride, quite stript of all her borrowed pride,
Is left in raggs: Or els, as Aesops Crow,
That up and down, from bird to bird did go,
And from each one, a feather filcht away,
Wherewith her self she trimly did aray:
Proud of her Colours, she began to brabe,
And saucily, calls every one, Knave, Knave:

And

And

But

The Worlds Anatomy.

But every Bird his Feather fetcht again,
And then the Crow, stark naked did remain:
The naked Crow, all scornfully deride,
That er' it so gloried in her Theebish Pride.
Thus, should each creature, from us fetch their own,
We should be nak'd, our Pride would all be gon:
And certainly, the time shall come at last,
When these our bodies, shall be naked cast
Into a stinking Grave, where they shall lye,
Moulding to dust, rot, stink, and putrifie,
Till (oh most loathsome) mouth, and nose, & eyes,
Be fill'd with dirt, till hands, armes, legs, & thighes
Be all consum'd, that nothing shall appear,
Except, a hollow skull, and bones all bare,
That who so living, were enamor'd on thee,
Shall tremble then but once to look upon thee;
Oh ugly sight, the ugly croaking Loade,
Within the hollow skull, shall have aboard;
The belly once, so curiously fed,
With crawling wormes, shall be replenished,
And in the reins, that harbour'd once the seed
Of wanton lust, the Serpent then shall breed;
Our proudest Minions, this shall once betide,
This is the end of all our vaunting Pride.

Building.

What needles cost is layd out now a daies?
Wain glorious Buildings, sumptuously to raise,
Fair Houses now, are every where erected,
But Hospitality is quite neglected;
The Poor may starve, unless they'l feed upon
Ware walls, fair Pictures, Mortar, Lime, & Stone;
When Christ was hungry, Satan (as we read)
Advised him, to turn Stones into Bread:

But

The Worlds Anatomy.

But as of purpose, now our mighty ones,
To thwart the Devil, turn bread into stones :
Oh strange ! that in the Devil appeared then
More Charity, then now in Gentlemen :
And yet our glorious Buildings are but vain,
No longer rais'd, but quickly raz'd again.
Where are the wonders of our former dayes ?
Brazen Colossus, huge Pyramides,
Th' Ephesian Temple, and that mighty frame
Founded and finish't by th' Assyrian Dame ;
Statue of Jupiter, Mausolus Tombe,
Pharao's high Tower, What is of these become ?
Go, aske their ruines, and they all will say,
That stateliest Monuments must once decay ?
The lovely Swaine, now keeps his bleating sheep,
The Plowman, with his culture, furrows deep :
There now grows Grass, & stinking weeds, & Wood,
Where stately Towns, and famous Cities stood :
And where the Lute, Harp, Hackbut, Psaltery
Were wont to sound, with heavenly harmony ;
There now the purblind, sickling, lucklesse Owl,
With hideous noise, her dismal songs doth howl.
How many Cities, have been overthrowen,
By force of Armes ? How many swallowed down
In earths vast wombe ? How many burnt to ashes ?
How many turned into water plashes ?
Behold the glory of Jerusalem,
The chiefest mirrour, and the choyssest gemme
Of all the world ; behold her masse walls,
Her marbled paved streets, her spacious halls,
Her beautesous gates, her heavens high kissing towers,
Her pleasant gardens, sweet and shady bowers,
Her sacred Temple, where the mighty God,
And Lord of Lords, was pleas'd to make abode,

And

most men men.
merry

The Worlds Anotomy.

And every place all glorious to behold,
Most brightly shining with refulgent Gold;
Behold again, her walls all overthrown,
Scarce to be seen, A stone upon a stone,
Her streets all fill'd with murder'd corps, whose
Fills every channel with a scarlet flood; (blood
Her sumptuous buildings, flaming all with fire,
Whose pitchy smoke makes heavens bright light
Whose crackling flames spring up to y^e sky, (retire,
Whilst Tiles and Slates like thunderbolts do fly,
Till Temple, houses, towers, spires, once so tall,
All, all entomb'd in their own ashes are:
If e're you hear this, without weeping Eyes,
Your hearts are harder, then their enemies,
How was fair Sodome all to ashes burn'd?
And to a standing stinking puddle turn'd,
Within whose banks, & on whose parched shore,
Nor fish, nor fowle, nor beast can live no more,
Then if they had their habitation
In Aena's Mount, or in the Torrid Zoan:
These, with a thousand mo can testify,
That Cities, even as men, at last must die,
Once was the world with swelling waters drown'd
To quench the heat of lust that did abound:
And once again, it must be burnt by fire,
The key cold coals of love, to re-inspire.
Do fearful sight, this Universal frame,
With raging fire, on every side shall flame.
For as the world was once an Ocean vast;
Even so a bonfire shall it be at last.
What then at best, are all our Towns and Towers,
Strong bulwarks, castles, sumptuous pleasant bowers?
What are they all? nought els but heaps of mire,
Once to be burnt, with the all burning fire.

Feasting.

Feasting.

Though many fly Creatures daily starve
For want of food, & should their lives preserve
Though holy Wit affirme, that Gluttony,
Is palpable, and grosse Foolatry,
Wiles then Heathenish: Heathens do implore
Their gods of Gold; bare belly goes apace
Their beastly Bellies, which are merely stinks
A loathsome stink, and most offensive stinks:
Though Nature, with a little, be content,
And our forefathers, for their nourishment,
Did feed on roots; yet now, such is our care,
To glut the belly with delicious fare,
That what y^e earth, through all her spacious fields
Is what so e're the Aery Region yields,
The sweet fresh Rivers, and the brinie Seas,
Can scarce suffice our appetite to please:
Whomen, more senseless then the brutish beast,
That eat your selves, to make the worms a Feast,
Remember how the greedy glutton here,
Did daily glut himself with dainty cheare:
But now he fasts, his feasting dayes are spent,
Win'd with the famine of a long lean Lent;
Howling he lyes the fiery flames among,
And now wants water, but to cool his Tongue
He whose full-gorged Gut, could never spare,
So much as Crumbs from his superfluous fare,
His brothers hungry body to sustain;
Now begs for water, yet he begs in vain.
How many thousand thousands, that once fed
On choicest meats, have been so famished
For want of food, that they in all mens eyes,
Seem'd gaily Ghosts, and grim Anatomies!

The Worlds Anotomy.

For want of food, they fed on Dogs and Cats,
Flies, Maggots, Serpents, Spiders, Mice, & Rats,
The dung of beasts, and one anothers dung,
Yes, their own flesh, and Mothers ate their young.
And at the last, even whilst for food they cryde,
For want of food, they miserably dyde.
But now my trembling hand, begins to shake
Through all my body, every limbe both quake,
My tender haire begins with dismal dread,
To start up right on my amazed head;
A sudden horror strangely hath begun,
To stay the passage of my stammering Tongue;
A Sea of tears, my blubbering eyes, both bleare,
For now at Salem's Siege, me thinks I heare
A Noble Lady, that for want of Meate,
Her onely Sonne, was fust, to kill and eat;
Me thinks I heare her thus, complain and say,
Ah fatal times! ah wretched dismal day!
A day unparaleld for matchless sorrow,
How long shall I, in vain, expect a morrow?
What restless grief do I indure? What pain?
Mine eyes are dimme with tears, but tears are vain,
Unless with tears I could transformed be
Into a Stone; with weeping Nöber,
So metomorphos'd, I might senseless lie,
Insensible of this my misery.
But I am plung'd in hopeless gulf of grief,
Nor means I see, which way to find relief:
I, I, that once on choisest dainties fed,
Now sigh, and weep, and pine for want of bread.
For want of bread? Nay, happy might I dine
But with the draff that others cast to Swine:
O that some little Mouse, would bring me hither
Some mouldy crust, some withered piece of leather,

The Worlds Anotomy.

Or some small craps of dunge; could I but find
These now, would be more wellcome to my mind,
Then all the dainties, that did once delight,
With curious taste, my costly appetite.
But I, poor I, may not thus happy be,
A wretched happiness, and yet deny'd to me:
Ye happy ones, whom the seditious crew
Already hath dispatcht, I envy you.
What though no sumptuous Sepulchre ye have?
Tush, heaven covers him that wants a grave:
I bear about, (such is my woful doom)
A living soul, within a liveless Tombe.
What though ye scattered lye in every street,
Spurn'd, kickt, and trampled on with barbarous feet?
Tush, tush, ye feel no pain, whilst wretched I,
Cannot indure my deadly pain, nor die.
What though the cruel Tyrants, did embroe
Their hands in your goare blood; yet happy you
You dyed but once, whilst miserably I,
In lingring life, a thousand deaths do die.
Your death was speedy, but my tedious breath,
Doth make my life, even a continual death.
But what avail these Aery plaints and moans,
My blubring tears, and mine uncessant groans?
Why rather seek I not for remedy,
To help my almost helpless misery?
Ah, seek I may; but what (alas) prevails,
To seek for food, where all provition fails?
Through all the Town, now not in any house
Is to be found Dog, Cat or Rat, or Mouse:
Long since the Souldiers, murdered one another,
For stinking carrion; brother kill'd his brother;
Nought now remains, unless that I should eat
The bare and naked walls, in stead of Meat;

No

The Worlds Anotomy.

No means, I see, but I must eat for food,
My trembling flesh, and drink my luke-warm blood
To stanch mine hunger, these mine arms shall bleed,
And with my self, mine own dear self I'll feed;
But this (alas) will yeild me small relief,
But aggravate, and still prolong my grief.
With that, she slowly rolls her heavy eyes
Upon her Son, that almost breathless lies
For want of food; And thus she speaks, My Boy,
Ah my dear Child, sometimes my hearts sweet joy.
By Natures Laws, by Heaven and Earth I vow,
By that great God, to whom all things do bow,
By all that's call'd Divine, that could but I
Preserve thy life, my Babe, thou shouldst not dye;
But now, the famine's every where so great,
To save thy life, there is no hope of Meat,
Needs thou must dye, and since a Sepulcher
Cannot be had, my Babe, I'll thee interr
In mine own wombe, the very self same wombe,
That gave thee life, shall be thy living Tombe;
Thou, by thy death, thy Mothers life shalt save,
Thy living Mother, shall become thy Grave,
In this my wombe, at first thou had'st thy breeding,
And, from my luke-warme blood, thy tender feeding;
Now feed thou me again, give life to me,
As once, my Babe, I did give life to thee.
With that, she takes him, aiming with her knife,
Quickly to finish, her dear Babies life:
But in her armes, the Child begins to plead,
With sighs, and cries, Deare Mother, Mother bread,
Kisses, and huggs her, stroaks her face and eyes,
And then, with faint and feeble voyce, He cries,
Ah Mother, Mother, must your Baby dye
For want of food, and you, deare Mother by?

The Worlds Anatomy.

My wretched life, dear Mother, either save,
Or take away the life that once you gave.
At sound of which sad words, a sea of tears,
Gush from her eyes, she tears her flesh and hairs;
Then wrings her bloodless hands, & on the ground,
She groveling falleth in a deadly wound:
But when return'd, into the Apron she cast
Deep sighs; and sighing, thus she spake at last,
Will't be no better? and needs must I kill
Mine onely Child, my hungry Maw to fill?
Oh, how the world will in succeeding time,
Amazed stand, at this my bloody crime,
Whilst thred-bare Fiddlers, with a creaking breast,
Houl out my Story at each Country Feast;
And whilst the Mother dandles on her Knee,
Her lovely Babe, with her sweet lullabie,
To fright her Babe, shee'l tell what I have done,
How with mine hand, I butcher'd mine own Son.
The Pelican, with her own vital blood,
Restoreth life unto her liveless brood,
She gives them life, by her self forced death,
She dies her self, to re-instore them breath.
But I must kill my Child, to keep alive
My self, thus must my dying life revive,
And in his blood, unnaturally defil'd,
Must drink the blood of mine own natural Child.
Bears, Lyons, Tygers, hear the empty cry,
And fill the bowels of their tender fry.
But I unhappy wretch, more cruel far,
Then either Lyons, Bears, or Tygars are:
Ye Gods above, ye powers Celestial,
Here, here to witness, I invoke you all,
By lawless Famine am constrain'd unto
A deed, which savage beasts would dread to do.

Blanch

The Worlds Anotomy.

Blush Phoebus, blush, withdraw thy light, and shroud
Thy goulden head within some foggy Cloud :
Thou nights pale Queen, ye twinkling Stars so bright,
Bury your selves in a Cymmerian night,
See not this deed ; And at that very word,
Turning aside, she sheaths a harmful sword
In her Dons harmelesse breast, where out apace,
As in revenge, the blood spins in her face,
But quickly faint, falls feeble to the Ground,
His frighted soul flies through the gaping wound,
And with it, life, that libells all he lay,
And soon his libells cozps she bears away,
Cuts them in Goblets, part whereof she boyles,
Another part she roasts, and part she boyles
For hast on red hot Coales ; and therewithal,
She gluts her self, even like a Canibal :
Thou curious Palate, Epicurean Out,
That with delicious fare, dost dayly glut
Thy pampered panch, remember this sad Story,
And think how sickle, and how transitory,
This pleasure is. But now, to stay no more
Upon particulars, as heretofore.

First.

Y^ellb, some Pandora, in which ore alone,
In amplest sort, might have conuention,
All earthly gifts of chiefest valuation,
Which gain to mortals greatest admiration,
Beild him, for Art, for Wit, so eminent,
That he may seem, a perfect continent,
Of those rich dowries, wherewith we do find,
That Art, and Nature, can adorn the mind :
And since that vertues, euer lovely feature,
Is much more lovely, in a lovely creature,

The Worlds Anotomy.

Pleas him so fair, that not Apollos Kayre,
 Poz fair Aurora's blush, deserves more praise,
 Each way so lovely to the lookers on,
 That Nature never fram'd his Paragon,
 So rare, so perfect in each several Limbe,
 That Art it self, can add nothing to him :
 Yea, add to this, that as sole Monarch he,
 Of this whole Universe should crowned be,
 And force perforce, of his most aweful hand,
 Vassals to his Imperious command,
 The greatest worthies through the spacious
 And boundless limits of Oceanus,
 Trample on Scepters, and the necks of Kings,
 And with a vick, controul all mortal things ;
 Cloathed with Purple, Scarlet, Silver, Silk,
 With cloath of Gold, and linnens white as milk,
 Bespangled round with Pearls most precious,
 Perfum'd with Oyntments odoriferous,
 Fed with pureectar and Ambrosia,
 Attended with a Train in rich aray,
 Surpassing much each way in mortal Prides
 Great Xerxes Army, that whole Rivers dried ;
 Yet he may lose all this in one poor hour,
 Both Art, Wit, Riches, Beauty, Pleasure, Power ;
 Thus can the World no good assurance make,
 It gives but what, it once again must take.

Secondly.

A As all the Worlds best fortunes, never can
 Fully content the boundless heart of man ;
 But as the worlds great universal Boat,
 Amidst the surging waves, did restless float,
 Tost up and down, till it arrived at
 The high Steeple kissing Mountain Arrarat :

Thomas D...

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The Worlds Anatomy.

As the Dove, that from the Ark was sent,
To view the worlds vast watry continent,
About the Ocean, wandzred here and there
Restless, a place of rest sought far and near,
But none she found, through all the watry main,
Till she, unto the Ark, return'd again.
Even thus the soul, within this ball of woe,
From place to place, doth wander too and fro,
She swiftly posseth with a speedy wing,
And seeks content from every Mortal thing;
But never finds she any true content,
Till she return, from whence, she first was sent.
Lord thou hast made us for thy self alone,
No rest we find, till unto thee we come:
All things unto their proper place do move,
Earth downward falls, but fire still mounts above.
Even so the soul, doth naturally aspire,
To God, the Center, of her whole desire:
When, at the first, that wise, all good Creator,
Dre from the vast, and indigested matter,
With curious skill, Create the glorious Frame
Of heaven and earth, and all things in the same;
He never rested from his work begun,
Till Man was made, of all his works the sum:
Thereby to teach us, that Man only can,
Find rest in God, as God found rest in Man.
How many a greedy miserable Chuff,
That of this worldly Treasure hath enough,
And much too much? His coffers fill'd with gold,
With grain his garner, and with sheep his fold;
His grounds full fraught, tho he have neither brother
Nor Son, nor Daughter, kinsman, one, or other,
To Heire his wealth? yet still, How doth he toyle,
With toot and nail, run, ride, and drudge, & mayle,
Through

The Worlds Anotomy.

Through thick & thin, through drizzling flack & snow,
 Whether it rain, or hail, or freeze, or blow :
 How hard his lodging, and how gross his fare :
 How thin his garments are, how coarse and bare :
 How short his sleep, and all to scrape together,
 More store of wealth? when yet, he knows not where
 A stranger shall possess it : thus poor C. f. (ther
 To heap up worldly goods, he wrongs himself.
 What greedy Miser, eber had such store,
 That pin'd in plenty, wist not still for more ?
 They want in wealth, like Tantalus accurst,
 That stands in midst of floods, and yet's a thirst ;
 Drink onely makes, the dropsie man, more dr ;
 Wood feeds the fire, and makes it flame more high :
 So, more abundance, worldly men possess,
 The more they cobet after vain excess.
 What if thou shouldst enjoy all earthly treasures ?
 And bathe thy self, in Epicurian pleasures,
 Of every kind; command the heavens swift motion
 The raging billows of the roaring Ocean ;
 And all the savage train, that hants the mountains,
 Sylvanus Region, and the liquid fountains.
 What if thou shouldst as sole, and Sovereign King
 Command the homage of each mortal thing ?
 All this would not content thee ; thy desire
 To greater happiness would still aspire :
 So generous is the soul, that her intent,
 Upon the chiefest good is wholly bent,
 And never fully can contented be,
 But with that height of true felicity :
 And therefore never, never can the mind,
 In all the world a full contentment find.

Thirdly.

Thomas

Thomas Brown - Nov. 6. 1708

The Worlds Anotomy.

Thirdly.

NO, no, this world in stead of true content,
With much vexation, doth the mind torment
With cares, fears, griefs, and thousand sad annoy;
Whereby, the soul is rob'd of all her ioy:
Three Furies only are, they say, in Hell,
Three thousand surely, in a worldling dwell:
For as a Vulture, on Prometheus heere
Is dayly said to gnaw, such is the smart
That worldlings feel, their grief, their care, their fear
Their restless heart, doth like a Vulture tear;
When worldlings doth not, by experience know,
That cares, and riches, will together go.
What restless pains, do men endure, to thrive
In worldly wealth? How do they rudely ride,
And rend the Bosome of our Mother Earth,
From which, at first, we all receiv'd our birth,
And ransack deep her bowels, whilst they fear,
Each houre alive, to be intomb'd there?
How do they early rise, and late take rest,
Tost with the cares of an unquiet brest?
How do they drudge, and toyl, and run, and ride,
And hope on unknown Seas through wind & tide
In slender Barks, whilst Thetis watry wombe,
Doth hourly threaten to become their Tombe?
And when some Chuff, with all his toyl and pain,
Hath heap'd up to himself great store of gain,
His care's as great, to keep, what he hath got,
As were his pains, when once he had it not.
The empty Traveller, dare sit and sing
Before the Chief, this man fears every thing,
With jealous brest, suspecting every one,
Fears where there is no fear, and trusteth none;

Ac

The World sAnotomy.

At making of each bough, and at the sight
Of his own shadow, trembles; and when night
Do's all the world, doth spread her sable wing,
And in deep silence locks up every thing:
When wolbes, bears, lyons, & each ravenous beaſt
Sleep in their Dens, and each bird in her neſt:
When every labouring wight, lockt in the Armes
Of his dear Mate, with ſweet embracing charmes,
Doth reſt his weary limbs, all boyd of care,
And heart conſuming grief, when all things are
At quiet reſt, he on his careful bed
Can take no reſt, but with a muſing head,
Loſſes and turns; or if his Eyes behold
Some little reſt, he then, dreams on his Gold,
Starts at each little noiſe, thinks every Mouſe
To be ſome Thief, that comes to rob his houſe:
And when upon his death-bed he ſhall lye,
And ſee there is no hope but he muſt dye,
Oh then, how will it grieve, and vex his heart,
To think that with his Riches he muſt part,
Which better, then his God, he alwayes lov'd,
And for his chiefeſt happineſſs, approv'd?
Thus Riches at the firſt, are got with pain,
They're kept with care, and loſt with grief again;
And mighty Kings, that golden Crowns do weare,
A greater burthen, then great Atlas bare.
The faireſt Roſe, with thorns, is ſenc't about,
In ſlowlye Meadoes, poiſonous ſerpents ſhout:
The cleareſt Springs, with mud infect'd are,
The Golden Crown, is linde with leaden care;
Kings are, or ſhould be, like the Candle bright,
That waſts it ſelf, to give to others light.
In Golden Patters, often times they eat,
Some deadly Popſon, mixt with ſaintry Meate;

The Worlds Anotomy.

Dr els at unawares, they often sup,
Some popynous Potion in a Golden Cup:
They sleep in danger, rise again in fear,
Even of their friends, a jealous mind, they bear,
Though guarded round, with many an armed knight
Yet fear they many more, then they affright,
Damocles, seeing, on a solemn day,
King Dyonisius, in his rich aray,
And solemn pomp, as all amaz'd thereat,
Cryde out aloud, Oh, Man most fortunate.
Which thing, as soon as Dyonisius heard,
Because'd a sumptuous Banquet be prepar'd,
And set before him, where in pomp he sat,
Princely attended, in his Chaire of State;
But caus'd a Sword be hang'd up in a haire,
Just o're his head; that struck him with such feare,
That all amaz'd he sat, and could not eat,
Of all his dainty Cheare, one bit of Meate:
Then smiling, said the King, My life is such,
Which thou poor silly Man, admir'd so much;
O ten, ten thousand times more happy he.
That in some slender Cottage, alwayes free
From State Affaires, sits by his quiet fire,
That hath but little, nor doth much desire:
He starts not at the noyse of thundring Drums;
Nor curiously enquires, who goes or comes:
He feeds on mean, but unsuspected dyet,
No sudden news doth interrupt his quiet:
To keep his person, from suspected danger,
He craves no Guard, fears neither forraign stranger;
Nor home-bred foe; but fearless soundly sleeps,
Whilst his own Conscience, his own Cottage keeps;
And with his Mate, though not like mighty ones,
Loaden with Golden Chains, and Precious Stones;

The Worlds Anotomy.

But comely Cloath'd in handsome Country Gray,
He walks his fragrant Meadows, day by day,
Where hand in hand, they drive their hopeful flocks,
To sweet fresh Streams, distilling from the Rocks,
Whilst chearful chirping birds, each even and morrow,
With sweet harmonious Tunes, beguile their sorrow:
Hence greatest Kings, have wisht for Shepherds lives,
And greatest Ladies, envied Shepherds Wives.

Fourthly.

BESTOWS, the worlds best fortunes, are but base,
With Noble minds, held ever in disgrace,
And slighted much: the holy Apostle Paul.
But even as loathsome dung, esteem'd them all.
The Ancient Christians, as we understand,
To help their Brethren, could both house and land;
Then brought the price, & as they thought it meet,
They cast it down, even at the Apostles feet: *Acts 4.35.*
As if, that true Heroicke spirits should
No more esteem of Silber, and of Gould,
Which greedy Misers, so much dote upon,
But basely to be trod, and trampled on:
What is our Silber, and our pretious Gold,
But only dregs, and dross, of earths base mould?
What are our Silks, but onely excrements,
Which from her wombe, y^e shining silke-worm vents?
What now is Honour, but a naked name,
A Title dearly bought, to purchase Fame?
Which others, though men dearly do it buy,
Give as they please, or as they please, denie.
And what is Fame? A blast of vulgar breath,
Which often in a moment vanishest.
Beauty is nothing, but a lump of Clay,
Faile flourish o'ze, that quickly fades away.

The Worlds Anotomy.

Yea, What are all the Kingdoms of the world?
For which great Monarchs, often have been burld
To foul disgrace, and which they have not stood,
To purchase dear, even with huge Seas of blood,
Wherein, vain Man, so much delights and glories,
For which the world, is fill'd with tragick stories;
What are they all? Bought els but dure and mire,
Trampled by beasts, which Men so much desire.

Fifthly.

And these base fortunes, for the greatest part,
Are dayly heap't on Men of least desert;
The worthiest Men, worst entertainment find,
The world still frowns, upon the worthy mind.
Damn'd Dives Feasts, whilst Lazarus full of sores,
For want of Crums lies starving at his doores.
Of all the twelve, the Traytor Judas bears
The Stewards bag: And bloody Herod wears
The regal Crown; whilst Christ the King of heaven
Injuriously, is of his Crown bereaven.
Base Barabbas, is set at liberty,
Whilst blessed Jesus, hangs upon a tree;
And Pilate sits as Judge, whilst wrongfully,
The Judge of heaven and earth, is Judg'd to die.
Who racking Landlords, griping Usurers,
Drambling Brokers, bribing Officers;
Church-robbing Patrons, greedy Cormorants,
Fraudulent Tradersmen, falwing Sycophants;
Sle Tongued Lawyers, with a thousand more,
That neither Conscience, nor Religion know,
Whose lives are so notoriously evil,
As though they neither dream'd of God nor Devil,
Nor Heaven nor Hell, these often flourish, when
True Religious, conscionable men,

the worlds anatomy
The Worlds Anotomy.

Are often forced for their honesty,
To spend, and end their dayes, in poverty:
Whilst Homer stands without, a blockish Ass,
Loaden with Gold, with Cap and Linæ, may passe:
And can it chuse, but burst a generous heart,
When Men are priz'd by wealth, not by desert.
Tush, What if thou for tricks of knavery,
Hast been advanced to the Pillery?
Or els perhaps, for Perjury hath lost
Thine Cars, and so been dubb'd Knight of the Post.
For some foul Rape. Arraigned at the Bar,
Or chance to lose thy Limbs in Venus war:
Or could thy Wife to be some great Mans Whore,
And stoope thy self, for Pandor at the doore:
Yet if thou hast but got the Golden Prize,
Thou art the Man, admir'd in all Mens Eyes;
And shall in every place adored be,
Like Horeb's Golden Calf, with Cap and Linæ:
When others, full of vertuous qualities,
That loath and scorn, such hateful Villanies;
Yet wanting Wealth, shall be but counted base,
And every where, be slighted with disgrace.
Those that can sooth and smooth a great Mans folly,
And though he be most bellicious, sweares he's holy,
Applaud his actions, be they ne're so vile, (smile,
Frown where he frowns, smile where he's pleas'd to
Swear what he speaks, and like a shadow still,
Conforme themselves in all things to his will;
Those he respects, when such as scorn to shrink
From naked truth, or at high Poon to wink;
Speak what they think not, or to stain their mind
With such base flattery, small regard shall find.
O base, base world, when fawning flattery,
Is thus prefer'd, before true honesty.

Sixthly.

and and

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4 16 56 Sixthly. 286

Ad most grow worse, as usually we see,
The more they flourish with prosperity: (weight
The Palme spreads most, when most oppress'd with
The pruned Vine doth most extend his height,
Amidst sharpe thornes, the milk-white Lily grows
From bruised Spices, sweetest Odours flows:
Though fenc't about with prickes, y^e red rose springs
In roughest stormes, the Syren sweetest sings:
The Stars shine brightest in a winters Night,
And in Affliction, vertue shines most bright:
But when once plenty, and abundance swaves,
Vice soon abounds, and vertue soon decaves:
The fatted Oxe grown wanton, leaps and strikes,
Casteth his yoke, and at his keeper kicks:
The earth with Manure over-fatted, breeds
Less store of Corn, but greater store of weeds:
We have our garments close in blustering cold,
Which we again, in Sunny gales unfold:
So many have, in sharp Afflictions moe
To all true goodness, been affected so,
That in the same, they have untainted stood,
Ready to seal it with their dearest blood;
Which in the Sunny gales of prosperous weal,
Did after in the same most foully fall.
The Lepers cleans'd, forget to praise the Lord;
Diseas'd they cry for help with one accord.
The Prodigal in wealth, doth quite disdain
His Fathers house; in want comes home again.
David afflicted, spares his deadly foe; *Saul.*
But after works his dearn friends overthrow. *Uriah.*
Upon a dunghil Job triumphing lyes;
Adam is conquered in his Paradise.

The

The Worlds Anotomy.

The tallest Trees, are often barren found,
When those that grow below, with fruit abound;
The Mountains are but barren heaps, and dry,
When Vales are fruitful, that beneath them lye;
The higher Men are borne aloft with state,
The less they pitty Men unfortunate.
The gormandizing Glutton swells and puffs,
With dayly Surfeits, and still dayly stuffs
His over-glutted Vench, but never hears
The poor Mans cry; The belly hath no ears.
Those Syon Princes, that at ease did lie
On Carved Beds of costly Idole,
Marrying their boopes (free from doleful pains)
With sweet melodious musicks choicest strains,
Feasted with store of delicates, and Wine,
Whose faces did with chieftest Myntments shine;
They all did swim in pleasures, but not one
Grieved for Joseph's great affliction;
Come on, ye jovial Lads, come, come, say they,
Let's Feast, Carouse, Laugh, sport, sing care away;
Let's crown our dayes with Roses of the Prime,
And freely frolick out our jovial time;
So we may have our Pleasures, what care we,
Let Joseph hang, or begg, or starve, or dye.
How zealously affected some have seem'd,
And have amongst their Sect, been so esteem'd;
Rising against our Prelats lannes,
Their Courtting, Lording, Pride, and great excess,
Against the Cap, the Surplice, and the Crosse,
As merely superstitious, Romish dross:
How earnestly they stamp't, and star'd, and beat
The senceless Pulpit, till they brop'd and sweat;
Till at the last, Perferment having gain'd,
And so their long intended drift attain'd:

The Worlds Anotomy.

As choak'd therewith, they bawl'd, nor rail'd no more;
But then were dumbe, that made us deaf before:
But if they Reade this, will not they with me,
Because I speak thus much, offended be?
Why let them be offended, fume and farr,
And do their worst, what do I need to care?

Seventhly.

And what thing is so base, or vile to do,
That this base world allures not men ur to?
Blest were those dayes, wherein Astræa reign'd
In barmlets breasts of Men, as yet unstain'd
With harmful thoughts; oh then, how all content,
With what they did possesse, lib'd innocent,
Free from oppression, and desire of blood,
Ambitious onely to exced in good;
And so the mind of every one was set,
They onely got to live, not live to get:
Pure Conscience, and not base Matchiavel,
(Belching blasphemous Oracles from Hell,)
Was then their Guide, for none with subtle wile,
His simple Brother plotted to beguile:
There needed then no Lawes, on force of pain,
The minds of Men from Vices to restrain;
For of their own accord, and not for fear,
All kind of Villanies Men did forbear:
But when bale world, Men fell in love with thee,
Then, then began all kind of Villanie.
Thou makes great Men, with sacrilegious hands,
To rob the Church of her own proper lands,
And other rights, whilst those want dayly food,
That dayly labour for the Churches good:
Yea, make Gods House a kennel for their dogs,
A stable for their beasts, a stie for hogs;

And

The Worlds Anotomy.

And (oh prophane) most rudely raze it down,
And with those ruines, proudly raise their own:
It's thou, that makes oppressing Landlords raise
Poor Tenants Rents, in these our wretched daies,
Without all pittie, set them on the rack,
Stretch them, & wring them, til they break their back
And whilst they see, that all things els be fat,
Yet keep their Tenants leane, be sure of that,
Like Mintners Caskes, now drencht out all their
And being empty, throw them out at doze, (Roze,
Which being done, then pull their houses down,
Till they at last, have turn'd a goodly Town
Into a Pasture, and in that same place,
(Ah worul change) their scurvie Cattel graze,
Where Christians once did dwell, and at their doo:
Reliebed, now the un-reliebed poo:
Ye Messengers of God, that dayly bring
Tidings of peace from heavens eternal King;
Oh, how my bevy soul doth sigh and grieve,,
To think that you, who should the poo: reliebe,
With liberal hands, can scarcely now contriue,
A course whereby to keep your selves alive;
It's thought sufficient, if with all your care,
You can but get a Course, and slender fare,
A thread-bare Coat, a lodging cold and hard,
For your great pains. Such is your small reward:
Whilst sacrilegious Patrons, dayly purse
Your Churches means, & with your means, a curse.
And how I pittie you, po: silly Swains,
That once were wont to frolick on the Plains,
There, whilst your harmlesse flocks did sweetly feed,
All boyd of care, upon an Oaten Reed,
Which curious descant, chanting heavenly layes,
And freely sportyng out your Rebel dayes

with

The Worlds Anotomy.

With harmlesse comfort, whilst each shady Tree
Nodded his head, as if your melody,
It well approv'd, and shaggy Satyres pranc't
Along the Plains, where you, the Morris danc't,
And on the banks of many a silver Spring,
The Pymphs, and Muses sate, to hear you sing:
But now, your motly plains and howry downs,
Are rudely trampled by uncivil Clowns,
And each unhollow'd foot, those Crystal Springs
Harshly resound, with fearful bellowings
Of savage beasts, and on the sporting green,
Nor Pymph, nor Muse, nor Satyre now is seen;
The Mute Kead lyes mute, since to defray
Your hard rack't Kents, you'r forced night & day
To drudge like beasts; and then alas to dine,
With drass, or Offal, meete far for Swine:
Whilst those great Lords, y^e now your lands possess,
Are daily drown'd in Riot and excess.
Ah might I see that day, that might restore
Your happy state, wherein you liv'd of yore;
But rather so I see, and sigh to see,
Your haplesse state, past hope of remedy.
Thou mak'st the Murer, if his debtor fail
But one bare houre, to cast him in the Gaile,
And let him there, in woful durance lye,
And rot above the ground, whilst miserably,
With sighs and groans, his wife and tender brood,
Breathe out their fainting souls for want of food.
Thou, thou base world, so blinds the Judges eye,
That without Silver spectacles, he cannot see;
Nor can, without a Golden Care-pick, hear
A rightfull Cause, thou dost so deaf his Ear.
Thou for a Bribe, dost make him wrest the Lawes,
To help the rich, and wrong the poore man's Cause;

J.

And

The Worlds Anotomy.

And care not to undo, without redress,
 The helpless widow, and the fatherless;
 Yet then go sleep as soundly, as if he,
 Had done some worthy work of Charity:
 So that the Laws, may well resembled be,
 To Spiders Webs, wherein the lesser Flie
 Is caught, and hamper'd fast; whereas the great
 With small add pulls do on, and breaks the net.
 Th' unconscionable Lawyer, thou dost make
 With greedy hands, on both sides, Fees to take:
 On th' one to speak the truth; but on the other,
 The truth in silence treacherously to smother,
 Thou dulls him so, he cannot understand
 A Cause, except he feel it, and his hand
 With such an It h thou dost infect, that he,
 Without quick-silver, cannot cured be:
 For many, thou dost make him sell his Tongue,
 And poor Mens Suits, from Termes to Terme pro-
 Tull he with many a fly & juggling cast, (long,
 Like silly Dulls, do send them home at last,
 With heavier hearts, but with a lighter purse,
 Their Case no better, rather much the worse:
 For after many a long, and tedious Journyes,
 To Sessions, Sizes, Counsellors, Attornyes,
 To fines of Court, to Courts of Westminster,
 Lost like a Tennis ball from Bar to Bar,
 With long attendance, many a Cap and knee,
 Many a false Bill, many a fruitless Fee,
 Unable still to grease his scraping paws,
 They're forc't among their friends to end the Cause.
 Learn silly souls, learn sooner so to do,
 So you may save your pains, and purses too.
 Th' ambitious thou dost make, without all awe
 Of Nature, Conscience, Duty, Friendship, Law,
 Basely

The Worlds Anatomy.

Wesely to act a thousand Villanies,
Stab, poyson, strangle, plot vile treacheries,
Add blood to blood, sparing noz friend, noz brother,
Noz stranger, kinsman, wife, noz child, noz mother,
But what so e're he is, that may oppose
His proud aspiring thoughts, down, down he goes,
Till at the last, he swim through seas of blood,
To his suppos'd, though false supposed good.
It's thou that makes the greedy Cormorant
Hoard up his Corn in scarcity and want,
As if he would the Mice and Rats preserve,
Although the poe: for want of food shuld starve.
Thou makes Physicians their sick Patients kill
With lingring Cures, and let the blood they spill;
They look not onely to be fairly payd,
For murdering Men, but also dearly payd:
Since then of blood, they no more conscience make,
Best Physick is, just none at all to take.
Thou makes the Chapman cozen, lye, and swear
Curse and forswear, that grief it is to hear;
And desperately, to damm his soul to Hell,
His insufficient, sleighty wares to sell,
And (out alas) my heart both bleed for woe
Since Clergy Men thou hast besotted so,
That they'l not stick, with cursed Symony,
And to too shameless wilful perjury;
To buy the Church, that now scarce any may
Unlock the dooz, without a Golden Key;
Ah for their souls, whose charge ye undertake,
Since of your own, so slight account you make,
Unlike it is, that e're you should be known
Careful of theirs, that care not for your own.
And to conclude, for love of curled Gain,
No kind of Villanic Men do refrain:

How new good

The Worlds Anatomy.

*For love of Gain, the brother sells his brother,
The Sire his Son, the Son his natural Mother;
False hearted Husbands, sell their wedded wives;
And wives bereave their husbands of their lives;
For love of Gain, we care not to undo
Our native Country, Friends, and Sovereign too;
Yea, in a word, we stick not to deny
All Faith, Religion, and our God beside.
These, these base actions, and a thousand more,
This wicked world allureth Men unto;
So that the World is an Aegian Stable,
Of thousand thousand vices, execrable.*

And 78 Eightly. same

As last of all, What is this Worlds farewell?
Alas, most woful, endless pains in Hell:
Some pass from pain, to pleasure; some again
To pain from pleasure; some from pain to pain.
The first are those, whom our most loving God,
Doth daily chastise with his sharp sweet rod,
And to his true Elizian fields, conveys
With weary steps, by rough and craggy wayes.
The next are those, that do with vain delights,
Daily desire to glut their Appetites;
And like the Glutton, in excessive measure,
Do bathe themselves in Epicurian pleasure:
But being dead, incontinent they go,
From these short pleasures to eternal woe.
The last, are those, that beat their careful brains,
With restless thoughts, endure a world of pains,
Winch back and belly, care not to prevent
Their Eyes of sleep, their Souls of all content;
Spend, end their dayes in miserable case,
No hoard up wealth, for their unthirsty race:

The World's Anatomy.

But after all their worldly care and pain,
Twice wretched they, poor souls are plang'd again
In endless pains, and so the truth to tell, *1700*
They buy a future, with a present Hell.
Of this vain world, this is the woful end,
We're look for bitter from a flattering friend:
Then shall their jovial Times be turn'd into
Most lamentable sighs, and sighs of wo:
Their beds of Down, and Roaches of Princely die,
To scorching flames, their pleasant Harmonie
Of sweetest Musick, to the piteous groans,
Howles, pells, and cries of Devils & damned ones:
Their lustful objects to the ghastly sight,
Of ugly fiends, and many a woful weight:
Their sweet perfumes, to a sulphurous stink,
Their bowls of wine, compounded costly drink,
To floods of brinie tears; their daintie cheer,
To gnawing hunger; all their friends so dear
To fierce tormentors, and in every part,
Both souls and bodies must endure the smart
Of burning fire; at once, both freezing, frying
With heat, and cold, at once both living, dying;
These woful pains, and thousand thousand more,
The damned suffer in that Vale of woe.
And though their pleasures, like a Golden dream,
Or fading flowers, or like a Sunnie gleame,
Are banisht quite, irrevocably past,
Yet those their torments shall for ever last;
Once plung'd in Hell, in vain they ever will,
What ne're shall be, and what shall e're be, nil.
As God is infinite, whom they offend,
So infinite their plagues, without all end:
So short, so swift are all their pleasures here;
So long, so lasting are their torments there.

The Worlds Anotomy.

If, might it be possible, it tormentes be no more
 Then Stars of heauen, or sands upon the shore,
 Or drops of water in the Ocean deep,
 Or piles of Oakes, or all that euer keep
 In heauen and earth, then might they hope to see
 An end at last of all their miserie:
 But when so many years are spent in woe,
 A thousand thousand times as many more
 Yet shall not then their painful pains be less,
 Their end no nearer then when first begun.
 If it euer, euer, must they plagued be,
 And neuer, neuer from their plagues be free.
 For can thousand worlds of Gold obtain
 A mans release from that endless pain?
 For night and day, that cursed hellish rout,
 Eyes, eyes in fire, that neuer goeth out:
 One drop of water Dives cannot get,
 One minute so allwage his burning heat.
 Oh then alas, since we so much complain,
 If but a finger, in the fire remain
 For no little space, or being forced to lie
 On a downy bed, or beds of downe,
 With sweetest Musick to delight the eare,
 Yet scarce are able to hold out one yeare.
 What shall we then endure, unceasingly,
 Body and soul in quenchless flames to lie?
 Which do exceed our earthly fire in heat,
 As much as mine breeds a counterfeit.
 How should we be ten thousand years tormented,
 With all the tortures, that haue been invented
 Since first the world began, yet would all those
 Seem but light things, to those endless woes.
 The rolling stone of restless Syciphus,
 Prometheus Tortures, frowns of Tantalus.

Besides

